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Augusta Lacrimans.

A

FUNERAL POEM

TO THE

MEMORY

Of the Honourable

Sir Josiah Child, Kt. &c.

By *E. SETTLE.*

Nullum numen abest si sit Prudentia.

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YALE

TO THE

MEMORY

Of the Honourable

Sir Josiah Child, Kt. &c.

PRoud *India*, whilst the Treasure of thy Mines
Augusta's fair Translated Glory shines;
Twas the Great *CHILD* thy Pearl and Rubies strung,
And on *Britannia*'s Arms the Bracelets hung:
By Him the Oriental *Ganges* Streams
Have paid their Tribute to the Soveraign *Thames*.
If in Return, for *Services* so high,
(Such Fragrant Sweets t'embalm His *Memory*,)
A whole Endebted Kingdom owes a Tear;
The *Funeral Rites* are Universal here.
Whilst our Arrears of *Sorrow* to defray,
Tis *Pride* to owe, and *Gratitude* to pay.

India,

India, thou once Unhoſpitable Coaſt,
Where, with a Fruitleſs Toil, and Labour loſt,
The *Firſt* too weak *Diſcoverers* before
Had only viſited a *Barren Shore*:
This ſaw Great *CHILD*, ſaw the *falſe Steps* they made;
And by their poor Succeſſes undiſmay'd,
Took up that *Cauſe*, which they'ad even dropt before;
And boldly *Led* that new-found *World* t'explore:
Yes, he ſo *Led*, that as he ſearch'd, he found,
With that *Succeſs* which his whole *Labour* crown'd:
He cut the *Gordian Difficulties* through.
What can't Great *Heads*, and Greater *Reſolution* do?
He Planted, Cultivated, Fixt, Poſſeſt;
CHILD, the true *Engliſh CORTEZ* of the *Eaſt*.
He fixt the whole *Machine*, and mov'd the *Sphear*:
CHILD's was the Great *Original* Glory here;
All the Great Work of His *Auſpicious Reign*.----
CHILD, ne'er *Attempted*, nor *Reſolv'd* in vain.
What claim to *Honour* do thoſe WORTHIES plead,
Who firſt *beat out* the Glorious *Paths* they tread?
Tis poor to Follow when 'tis great to Lead.
So *Rome*'s firſt *Romulus* recorded Name
Shall ever fill a Brazen Page of *Fame*;

When

When half his *Race* Loſt Names t'Oblivion ruſt,
Their Memories all moulder'd with their Duſt.

COMMERCE, the Miſtreſs of all *Arts*; the Tie
Of *Nations*; Bond of all *Society*;
The WORLD's *Columbus*; *Natures* Treaſurer,
Commerce, the *Sun's* fair Fellow-Traveller:
Thee, and thy *Depths*, with *Reaſon* more profound,
None like the *Fadoming CHILD* could ever ſound.
Thee, his long-labour'd *Study*, in thy Chace,
None e'er held out a more *Unwearied* Race.
To *Sloth* ſo ſworn a Foe; His Fame can boaſt,
Not one Unthinking Hour of Life He loſt.
TRADE, that Rich *Science*, he had read ſo well;
He Reign'd *Auguſta's* Grand *Gamaliel*.
Some fair *Memoirs* on that Great *Theme* to give,
Recorded by his own ſtrong *Pen* ſhall live.
Thoſe *Deathleſs Pages* ſhall long Ages read;
The true *Minerva*-Birth of that *Great HEAD*.

So Great the Labour'd *Chace*, as Great the *Prize*;
(Fair *Induſtry* the Darling of the Skies,
To what an Envy'd Height thy *Merits* riſe?)

So roſe Great *CHILD*; ſuch proſp'rous Gales he met;
Still the *Reward* of VIRTUE pays the *Sweat.*
Twas thus He roſe, and thus He roſe *Alone:*
The *Pinnes* with which he ſoar'd, were all his own.
What greater *Glory* that deckt Brow muſt wear,
He, who's his *Fortune's Founder*, not its *Heir.*
Inheritance, that Portion to diſpenſe
Is the more Random Gift of *Providence.*
Sloth, and Inglorious *Eaſe*, may poorly reap
A *Patrimonial* Harveſt, bought ſo cheap.
To raiſe ſome Great *Foundation* to the Pride
And Height of an Exalted *Pyramide*;
Here muſt be Tug of Virtue, Labour, Toil,
Thought, Senſe and Soul, for that Illuſtrious Pile.
So built Great *CHILD*, thoſe *Active Virtues* ran
In the warm Veins of that *Prodigious* MAN.

Nor did the great all-bounteous *Providence*
Ther *Favorite CHILD* by Halves her Smiles diſpenſe.
His kindeſt Stars *Entails* of *Bleſſings* give;
Whilſt his Bleſt VEINS ſhall t'endleſs Ages live.
Veins, with whoſe *Charms* ev'n proud *Ambition* caught,
Aſpiring *Greatneſs* has with *Honour* ſought;

Ty'd

Ty'd *Hymen-Bonds* ſo NOBLE. As of Old
Th' *Heſperian Garden* bore the *Fruit of Gold*:
So ſaw Great *CHILD* his *Beauteous Branches* ſhoot,
Thoſe Lovely *Cyons* from his own Rich *Root*;
Such Fruit His proud Deſcending *Glory* bears;
His *Veins* the *Stems* for CORONETS and STARS.

Let *Hero's* boaſt the Trophies of their *Swords*;
As if the *World* obey'd no other Lords.
No, 'tis fair *Induſtry* the World commands:
The Sinews of the War are in Her Hands.
She arms the Soldier, animates the Bold;
Whilſt 'tis She circulates our *Veins of Gold.*
TRADE, the Great Channel of the *Engliſh Life*,
It is the *Merchant* here's the *Leading Chief.*
Tis He that plumes the Warrior, calls to Arms,
Tis He that ſounds the Trumpet, gives th' Alarms.
Courage, His Handmaid, does but wait His Call;
Tis not the *Sword*, the *Nerve* of Battle's all.
If from this Root the *Conqueror's* Glory grows;
Great *CHILD*, what *Bays* were owing to thy Brows?

But not to leſſen all that juſt Renown,
That does through Blood and Toils the Soldier crown.

In

In *Camps* indeed does *Honour* truly ſhine:
But oh, 'tis drawn to a *Gold Thread* ſo fine;
The Warrior tugs for Fame with all that Pain,
Twixt fifty thouſand Sharers each a Grain.
CHILD's fairer *Glory* fill'd a Nobler *Throne*,
Unmatch'd, Unrivall'd, Singly reign'd alone;
No *Fragment*-Shares of Fame, but all his *Own*.

Nor let proud *ALBION*'s formidable Hoſt,
Our Great Five Hundred, ~~*Mates of Empire*~~, boaſt,
They're our *Crown-Champions*, and *State-Patriots* too:
Both *Titles* equally the *Merchant's* due.
Yes, let thoſe generous *Crown-Stewards* lend
Their *Golden Aids* the Scepter to defend.
Their Giving *Hand* the proud *Exchequer* fills,
But from the *Merchant's* Hoard: The Glebe He tills;
The Harveſt His; the Granary He heaps;
And they but only *Tythe* the *Sheaves* He reaps.
Thoſe Great *State-Pilots* give us LAWS, 'tis true;
But *Trade's* Immenſer Pow'r can give the World Laws too.

CHILD, *England*'s ſecond Greater *GRESSAM* ſhin'd:
GRESSAM and *CHILD*, thoſe Names in *Glory* join'd,

Ne'er

Ne'er wonder to have two ſuch *Worthies* ſeen
With more than a whole Diſtant *Age* between:
Such *ſlow-rais'd* WORTH is the World's *rarer* Growth;
One *Century* could ne'er produce 'em Both.
When a new *Phœnix* to the World appears;
Tis only once in a long hundred Years.

But what ſtill brighter Rays had deckt that Head,
If *Nations* had but follow'd where He *led*;
Perform'd that *Work* * had burthen'd Kingdoms eas'd,
And his own Deathleſs *Mauſolæum* rais'd.
* His Propoſal to ſet all the Poor at Work.
But oh deaf Ears! Mourn, *Albion*, to thy Coſt,
To have ſuch Glorious Unborn *Embryo's* loſt.

But to crown all the Wreaths he won before,
He *lov'd* his COUNTRY: None e'er lov'd it more.
Witneſs that ever Memorable Hour,
When to the very * Front of Tyrant Pow'r,
* Before the late King J.
In the Diſtreſt *Britannia's* Righted Cauſe,
He checkt the Inſolence of *broken Laws*;
Encroaching *Rome's* deſtructive Charms aſſayl'd,
And *Lawleſs Sway's* whole naked Shame unveil'd:
Told all th' inevitable *Fate* they run;
The Driving and the Tumbling *Phaeton*.

Th' Emphatick Theme puſht with ſo warm a Shock,
Till He drew * Tears ev'n from a melting Rock.
Nor wonder with *Prophetick Zeal* ſo bold,
He the whole Doom of tottring *Crowns* foretold,
Whilſt on his Lips ſuch *Oracles* there hung.
Apollinary Heads ne'er want a *Delphick* Tongue.
His Friends all round th' amazing Accents hear,
He Eloquent with *Truth*, They Mute with *Fear*:
All trembling did his Dauntleſs COURAGE dread.
A *Tongue* ſo bold, enough ~~to~~ ſhake a *Head!*
But if t'a *Genius* that ſo bravely *dared*,
Ev'n Tyranny it ſelf ſuch VIRTUE ſpared:
No doubt Great *TRUTH* that dazling Lightning flaſht,
Till the bright Fires even the aw'd *Lyon* daſht.
Here, *Fame*, to pay him his Immortal Due,
Record the HERO and the PATRIOT too.

* Made the then Lord Chanc. weep.

Thus *CHILD* his Country's *Honour*; nor alone
The *Ornament* and *Luſtre* of his Own:
Our narrow Shore his *Fame* could never bound;
Ev'n *diſtant Nations* heard the envy'd Sound.
Thus *Lewis*, the aſpiring Gallick *Jove*,
Who once for *Univerſal Empire* drove,

The

The World's proud *Jehu*, in his full Career,
Ev'n ſtopt his proud *Triumphant Chariot* here,
To *CHILD*'s loud *Fame* to lend a Liſtning Ear.
With a Repining Eye at *Albion*'s Pride,
A hundred thouſand Lewidores, he cry'd,
He'd freely give 'em all, (no Price too high,
If Wiſhes could obtain, or Gold could buy,
That *Britiſh Flow'r* his *Lillies* to adorn,)
T'have had Great CHILD *his Gallick Subject born.*

But far as *Boundleſs Glory* may extend;
Life has its Date; our *Meaſur'd Thread* muſt end.
This envy'd Man has his laſt Hour aſſign'd:
(For ſtill the World muſt loſe, that Heav'n may find.)
But when the Great *JOSIAH*, call'd to die,
Launches the *Ocean* of *Eternity*;
Tis but an *Eaſtern Voyage*, to the bright
All bliſsful Realms of *Oriental Light:*
Safe to that *Golden Coaſt*, where the True *Jems*
Adorn the Everlaſting *Diadems.*
Here with that Richer *Wreath* his Brow He twines,
Then all the *Wealth* of his own *Indian Mines.*
Here all the Fears of *Storms* and *Shipwracks* ceaſe:
With all the *ſmootheſt Gales* of dying *Peace*,

His

His *Banners* flying, and His *Sails* unfurl'd,
He quits a Poorer for a Richer World.

But, oh! when Great *JOSIAH* mounts the Skies,
He drops no *Spirited Mantle* when He flies.
Leaves *Enviers* behind Him, when He's gone;
Admirers numerous; but *Equals* none.
Death in His Fall does our whole Hopes defeat:
For *Tranſmigration* H'had a *Soul* too Great.

As when Great *Alexander* Reign'd alone,
And ſingly fill'd the *Univerſal Throne*,
The *Globe* was too unweildy a Command
For any other Second Single Hand:
His numerous *Heirs*, when the Great HERO dy'd,
Each took his *Graſp*; and the *ſhar'd World* divide.
Thus when Great *CHILD* his *Toils* and *Labours* done,
Has His prodigious finiſht *Circle* run;
Whole Crowds of puny *Succeſſors* all riſe;
Vain to His *Heights* their weak *Ambition* flies.
All petty Candidates put in their Claim,
And only *canton* out His vaſt *Immortal* FAME.

FINIS.